

THE CALEDONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

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TERMS.—The *CALEDONIAN* will be published weekly at \$2.00 per annum, or at \$1.50 if paid in advance. If payment is made within six months, the price will be \$1.00. No paper will be considered as sent until the subscription is paid for. All advertisements will be inserted for the first week free of charge. Subsequent insertions will be charged accordingly.

The Farmer.

MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

We have received from Mr. Quimby, of Coxsack, an article on the management of Bees, from which we make the following extracts:

"In the January number of the present volume, I mentioned that there is a way of preventing swarms from leaving a hive at a time. My experience would lead me to answer there is. It is to remove the queen from a hive that should be kept separate. These seldom or never leave the hive without first appearing outside the entrance in great numbers, apparently in a tumult, a few minutes previous to swarming. The apiarian, if he is observant, will soon learn when to expect a swarm. When one has started, and there are indications of another before the first is hived, they will be well sprinkled with water from a water-pail, or some other way. They will immediately re-enter the hive to avoid the supposed show of force. In about thirty minutes they will try it again, which will give time to secure the first. If they should be disposed still to unite with the first, a sheet over the hive to keep them out."

Mr. Quimby adds the following query, which we have some experienced apiarian will answer through the columns, as others have suffered loss from the same cause:

"I have had several hives in which the young bees appeared fatally diseased. The breeding cells were nearly filled with the young bees in the cells, stretched at full length in the cells, and all perished; the cells are sealed. In this state, so few are hatched, that the numbers rapidly decrease, and are soon gone, unless removed to another hive by driving them out, the only remedy I have yet found. In this I have been successful, when done in season, in rearing a healthy swarm, yet the loss is considerable, as they do not return that year. Large and small hives are equally affected. I wish to learn the cause of this disease, and the means of preventing it."—*At my Calicut.*

PROPER TIME FOR CUTTING BUSHES.

Mrs. GARDNER AND TUCKER.—When I first settled in Yates county, I bought a farm which was much neglected, and the bushes and briars were grown up round those fields which had been used, almost to the top of the fences. I took a scythe and cut them close as I could to the ground, and the second quarter of the moon in May, when the leaves were nearly the full size, I cut the top of the most freely of any time in the year; that is, the sap flows from the root and not one out of fifty ever sprouted again. The spruce of twenty-five years has, in all cases, been successful—also in cutting all under brushings of almost any size not one in ten ever grew. I have practised it on low lands and all kinds of timber. I have often ploughed the stumps with a single team, where it had been cut over four to six years, that were a hindrance, and from my experience I would pay wages at that time of the year if I wanted to cut land, rather than have them cut at any other time of the year for nothing. But do not cut any timber which you want to preserve, without first cutting it to take the bark off, for it will soon decay and rot and be full of worms. I am well convinced that if you want timber to last, it should be cut after the leaves begin to fall, in October or November. I think it will last in the ground or in water twice as long as it will if cut at any other time of the year. Try it and see for yourselves.

ABEL PECK.

Yates co. N. Y., Feb. 25, 1841.

TO BELIEVE CHOKED CATTLE AND HORSES.

In your last January No., I see directions to relieve choked cattle. I will give you one so much simpler and better than yours is comparative worth.

Raise the fore foot to relax the muscles of the leg; then tie a bit of whip cord, drum line or other strong string round the arm just above the knee; pull the fore, and if the horse or cow does not get to the ground, a quick stroke of the whip will make it do so, and the operation is performed and the animal relieved. But how? He will be choked, I tell you, and that is sufficient. My operation is, the pressure of the hard chord on the nerve of the arm creates the same sickening sensation in the animal that a stroke on the elbow creates in the man, the nausea relaxes the muscles of the throat and the exertion of the animal caused by the pain acting at the same time, causes it to throw off the substance with which it is choked.

Respectfully, J. A. JONES.

Van Wirt, Ga. Feb. 1841. [Nash: Ag.]

CASE FOR CORNS.—A subscriber to your valuable paper told me a few days since how he had cured several corns, which had compelled him to wear moxas. He pared them off with a sharp knife, bathed them freely with Spitz-Turpentine, and laid upon them a linen cloth which he frequently wet with turpentine. In a few days the corns came out root and branch, to the great relief of the sufferer. The remedy is simple, attainable by all, and from the case cited, is worthy of a trial by such as are suffering from these painful visitations.

Miscellaneous.

THE STRANGER AND THE MAIDEN.

BY MRS. C. L. HENTZ.

'Twas a festive eve. The lamps sent down their trembling rays, reflected by shining crystal and wreathing silver, on myriad forms of beauty and grace. The music sent forth the moral, gladdening strains, and bounding feet kept time to the joyous melody. Evening shades deepened into midnight gloom without, yet still the gay notes were heard, and the unwearied revellers continued their graceful evolutions.

Just as the clock struck twelve, a stranger entered the banqueting room, and she passed slowly and unannounced, and unaccompanied by any guide or protector, every eye was turned towards her.

'Who can she be?' whispered a young girl to her partner, drawing closer to his side.

He answered not; so intently was he gazing on the figure which now stood in the centre of the hall, looking calmly and immovably on those around. Her white robes fell in long, slumberous folds to her feet; her fair shining hair floated back from her face, like fleecy clouds, tinged by the moon beam's radiance, and the still depth of her azure eyes shone with a mysterious, unfathomable lustre.

'Why are ye gathered here?' asked she of the young maiden, who shrunk back as she glided near her, with noiseless step. 'What mean these glad strains, and the flowers that decorate your brows?'

The low thrilling melody of the stranger's voice echoed to the remotest corner of that spacious hall, and the minstrels paused to listen.

'Tis a festive eve, answered the trembling maiden, and we have met in joy and mirth, to commemorate the era.'

Why is this night chosen as a scene of festivity? asked the sweet voiced stranger.

'It is Christmas eve,' replied the maiden, 'the birth night of our Savior, and it is our custom to celebrate it with music and dancing.'

'It was once celebrated in ancient days,' said the stranger, 'with splendor and beauty that would shame the decorations of these walls. While the shepherds of Chaldea were watching their flocks beneath the starry glories of midnight, they heard strains of more than mortal melody gushing around them—rolling above them—the thrilling of invisible harps, accompanied by celestial voices, all breathing one sweet, triumphant anthem—'Gloria to God in the Highest; on Earth, peace and good will to men.' While they listened in adoring wonder, one of the stars of Heaven glided from its throne, and traveling slowly over the depths of ether, held its silver lamps over the manger, where slept the babe of Bethlehem. Then the wise men of the East came with their costly offerings, and laid them down at the feet of the infant Redeemer. 'And where are your gifts?' continued she, turning her still, shining eyes, from one to the other of the listening throng; 'what have ye brought this night to lay at your Savior's feet in commemoration of your gratitude and love? Where is your gold, your frankincense and myrrh? Where are the gems of the heart's treasury; that ye are ready to sacrifice on the altar of your Lord?'

The young maiden whom she had at first addressed, cast one fearful, earnest glance on her gay companions; then unbinding the roses from her brow, the jewels from her neck, and drawing from her fingers each golden ring, 'Where is the altar,' she cried, 'that I may place my offering there?'

'Come with me,' said the stranger, 'and I will lead you where you can find more precious gifts than these; gifts that will retain their beauty, when these garlands shall wither, and the diamond and fine gold become dim.'

The maiden took hold of the stranger's hand, and passed through the hall, which she had so late entered in thoughtless vanity and mirth. Her companions pressed around her and impeded her way.

'Oh, stay with us!' they exclaimed, 'and follow not the steps of the stranger; your eyes are dim, your cheek is pale, shadows are gathering over your face. She may lead you to the chambers of death.'

Hinder not me, cried the fair maiden; I may not slight the voice that summons me. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'

A celestial smile beamed on the face of the stranger, as the girl uttered these words, and they disappeared from the festive hall. Through the long sweeping shadows of midnight they glided on till they came to a wretched hovel, through whose shattered casements the night gust was moaning, making most melancholy music. By the dim light of a taper they beheld a pale mother, cradling her wasted infant in her arms, striving to hush its feeble wailings, looking down with hollow eyes on the fearful ravages of famine and disease, then raising them in agony to Heaven, imploring the widow's and the orphan's God to have mercy on her.

'Lay down your golden offerings here,' said the stranger, 'and your Savior will accept the gift. Have we not read that whosoever presenteth a cup of cold water to one of the least of his disciples, in his name, giveth it unto him?'

The maiden wept, as she laid her offering in the widow's emaciated hand. Again the beautiful stranger smiled.

'The tear of pity,' said she, 'is the brightest gem thou hast brought.'

She led her forth into the darkness once more, and held such sweet and heavenly discourse, that the heart of the maiden melted within her bosom. They came to a dwelling whence strains of solemn music issued, and as the light streamed from

the arching windows, it was reflected with ghostly lustre on the marble tombstones gleaming with out.

'They breathe forth a requiem from the dead,' said the stranger; as she entered the gate through the willows that wept over the path. The music ceased, and the low, deep voice of prayer ascended through the stillness of night. The maiden knelt on the threshold, for she felt that she was not worthy to enter into the temple. She hardly dared to lift her trembling eyes to Heaven; but bending her forehead to the dust, and clasping her hands on her breast, she exclaimed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

'Thy Savior will accept the offering,' uttered the stranger in her ear; 'the prayer of a broken and contrite spirit is an incense more precious to Him, than the odors of the East.'

'You shall see me again,' said the stranger, when she led the young maiden to her own home, by the light of the dawning day; 'you shall see me again, and we will talk together once more—but not among scenes of sorrow and death, for they shall all have fled away.—Neither will we walk through the shades of midnight, for there will be no night there. There will be no moon nor stars to illuminate the place, for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb shall be the light thereof.' Farewell—I may not dwell with you, but ye shall come and abide with me, if ye continue to walk in the path where I have guided your steps.'

Never more were the steps of that young maiden seen in the halls of myth, or the paths of sin. She went about among the children of sorrow, and woe, binding up the wounds of sorrow, and relieving the pangs of want. She hung over the death bed of the penitent, and breathed words of hope in to the dull ear of despair. Men looked upon her as she passed along as an angel visitant, and they blessed her in her wanderings. Her once companions turned aside, shrinking from communion with one whose eyes now spoke a holier language than that of earth. They felt that she was no longer one of them, and after wondering and speaking of her a little while, she was forgotten by them in the revelries of pleasure.

At length she was no longer seen by those who watched for her daily ministrations. Her place was vacant in the temple of God. The music of her voice is no more to be heard in prayer and praise. On a lowly couch in her own darkened room, the young maiden was reclining. Her face was pallid, and her eyes dim, and her mother was weeping over her. Flowers were strewn upon her pillow, whose sweet breath stole lovingly upon her faded cheek; and as the curtains of the windows waived softly in the night breeze, the moon beams glided in and kissed her wan brow. The mother heard no step, but she felt the air part near the couch, and looking up, she saw a figure standing in white flowing robes by her daughter's side with a face of such unearthly sweetness that she trembled as she gazed upon her.

'Maiden,' said she, 'I have come once more. I told thee we should meet again, and this is the appointed hour. Does thy spirit welcome my coming?'

'My soul has thirsted for thee,' answered the faint voice of the maiden, 'even as the blossom thirsts for the dew of the morning; but I may not follow thee now, for my feeble feet bear me no longer over the threshold of home.'

'Thy feet shall be as the young roe on the mountain,' answered the white robed stranger, 'thou shalt mount on the wings of the eagle.'

Then bending over the couch and breathing on the cheek of the maiden, its pale hue changed to the whiteness of marble, and her hand which her mother held, turned as cold as an icicle. At the same moment the stranger's robe floated from her shoulders, and wings of resplendent azure, softened into gold, fluttered on the gaze. Divine perfumes filled the atmosphere, and low, sweet melody, like the silvery murmuring of distant waters, echoed through the chamber. Awe-struck and bewildered, the mother turned from the breathless form of her child, to the celestial figure of the stranger, when she saw it gradually fading from her sight, and encircled in its arms there seemed another being of shadowy brightness, with outspread wings and fleecy robes, and the soft, glorious eyes fixed steadfastly on her, till they melted away and were seen no more.—Then the mother bowed herself in adoration, as well as submission; for she knew she had looked on one of those angels and messengers who are sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.' She had seen, too, a vision of her daughter's ascending spirit, and she mourned not over the dust she had left behind.

A Society of Jews, the members of which are converts to Christianity, has been formed at Brockville, U. C. to assist in facilitating the return of the Jews to the Holy Land.

BOBNETS ON SILK.—The Legislature of New York has passed an act allowing a bounty of fifteen cents per pound for all cocoons produced in that State, and fifty cents per pound for reeled silk. The act is to continue in effect until June 1, 1846.

DEMAND FOR LUMBER.—The Bangor Courier says, there is a general demand in our market for lumber the present season. Our harbor is now full of vessels, and there is not lumber enough in market to supply the demand.

Gen. Thomas Glaucock, formerly a distinguished member of Congress from Georgia, died at his residence, in Decatur, on the 19 ult., in consequence of being thrown from his horse and being dragged some distance by having his foot caught in the stirrup.

Commodore Claxton, commanding the U. States Squadron in the Pacific, died at Suva on the 7th March.

OBEDIENCE TO THE LETTER.

Some good people in Jamaica, anxious that there negroes should be well dressed, and testify by their appearance how speedily they were approaching civilization, gave out among other raiment some boots, many of which had tops to them. As these boots were not to be used but upon full dress occasions, the following order was passed:—"The laborers are to appear at church only in boots." The negroes in their warm climate, too happy in literal obedience to this command, left off all their Christian habiliments, save the usual linen round the waist, and came veritably in top boots only.—*A London Magazine.*

A number of years ago, a proprietor of a plantation in Grenada, residing in England, influenced by the kindest motives, on learning that the negroes were not in the habit of wearing shoes which he considered absolutely necessary to comfort in life, sent out with the customary quantity of clothing, a pair of stout shoes for every negro on his plantation, with orders to the manager, to have them immediately distributed. The negroes received the shoes with many thanks, but the idea of wearing them was preposterous in the extreme; indeed, such a thing never entered into their heads. After some deliberation they concluded to cut and carve the shoes into shapes of a non descript character, and place them on their heads, as a protection to their craniums, when carrying baskets of produce, or packages of goods from one part of the plantation or island to another. And it was found that the shoes were valuable for this purpose; and the negroes applied for another supply the following year.

A proprietor of another estate, sent out a quantity of wheel-barrows, in order to economise labor. The overseer selected one of the brightest of the field negroes and occupied more than an hour in explaining the object of the vehicle; and when he had fully, as he thought, instructed him in its use, he ordered him to prove its excellence by wheeling some manure to a distant part of the field. The wheel barrow was filled, and Sambo started off, but a sad piece of work he made of it, and upset it some half dozen times before he reached the destined spot! At length fuming and grumbling at a great rate at this new mode of carrying burdens, he emptied the barrow of its contents, and then calling upon some two or three stout fellows for help, by their aid he raised the wheel-barrow, deposited safely on his head, and with a grave face and stately step, walked back to his master.

The attempt to introduce wheel barrows on the plantation was given up in despair; but there can be no doubt that, by means of labor saving machines, some thirty or forty able-bodied free men, would be able to do far more work on a plantation than it has been wont to accomplish with between two and three hundred slaves.—*Mer. Journal.*

ELOQUENCE AND HUMOR OF PATRICK HENRY.

Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distress of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and, on the establishment of peace, Hook on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have deputed himself in this cause to his infinite enjoyment. Mr. Henry became animated in the case—he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook; vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter.—He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigors of a winter's sky, and marked the frozen ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet. Where was the man he said, who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meaneast soldier in that little band of famished patriots?—Where is the man? There he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you gentlemen, are to judge.—He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plain around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of: he depicted the surrender in the most poble and glowing colors of his eloquence—the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches—they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of 'Washington and liberty, as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river—but hark! what notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamation of victory—they are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'Beef! Beef! Beef!'

The whole audience were convulsed. A particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description.—The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court house, and threw himself on the grass in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, when Hook with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. 'Jemmy Steptoe, said he to the clerk, 'what the deuce ailes ye men? Mr. Steptoe was only able to say that he could

not help it. 'Never mind ye,' said Hook? 'wait till Bill Cowan gets up? he'll show him the lat' Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of beef; it was the cry of tar and feathers; from the application of which it is said, that nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.—*Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry.*

SHIP WILLIAM BROWN—FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Havre, May 13.

The American ship *Crescent*, Capt. Ball, arrived here yesterday evening with the remainder of the passengers of the *William Brown* who were saved in the long boat. The arrival of this vessel has confirmed all the horrid details given of the dreadful scene which took place during the night of the 20th and 21st of April. Of the sixteen passengers who were thrown into the sea fourteen were men and two women, of the seventeen saved fifteen are women and two are men.—One of these men was seized for the purpose of being thrown overboard by the crew of the boat. He cried to the mate to save him & not to tear him from his wife. The mate told them not to separate man and wife if it were possible to help it. He fell into the bottom, and was saved. A boy 12 years old was thrown overboard. He caught hold of the boat, and flung by the darkness of night, crouched under the bows and was saved. All the women saved are young, except the mother of a Scotch family from Dumfriesshire, who, with her five daughters and a servant girl was saved; her name is Edgar. Her husband and son are settled in Germantown near Philadelphia. A young woman with her husband; they are amongst the survivors. His name is Patrick from Cook's town, county Tyrone, the property of Colonel Stewart. Several persons from that gentleman's estate or neighborhood have met with a watery grave. One family of the name of Leydon (sixteen in all) sunk with the vessel; another named Corr—father, mother and five children—sunk at the same time; the little boy who was thrown from the boat was one of that family. He had not a soul left belonging to him. They were also from Colonel Stewart's property. A Mrs. Anderson, with three children, who were going to join her husband, a medical gentleman settled at Cincinnati, sunk with the ship. Miss Anderson and Miss Bradley were thrown into the sea from the long boat. The tales which the survivors relate are piteous, horrifying. The crew and passengers were examined by the British and American Consuls this morning, and the impression is that the dreadful act of throwing their fellow creatures overboard was of imperative necessity; but it is to be hoped that the two consuls will give publicity to the examination, in order that the public mind may be satisfied on this point.

DIVORCE.—A singular case was last week decided in the supreme Court of Massachusetts, at Boston. It was a libel for a divorce. The facts as stated in the Boston papers are these. More than half a dozen years ago the husband of the Libellant forsook her. Having been absent for several years without being heard from, his wife was informed that he was dead; and supposing herself a widow, she did not consider it all necessary to go through a tedious process of ceremonial mourning for the departed, but in a short time exchanged the sable weed (if indeed, she had ever put it on) for the bridal white. Soon after her second marriage, her first husband made his appearance—either to claim his wife or disturb her quiet. The good woman finding herself provided with a double portion of husbands, applied to the law for relief, and prayed that her first lord and master might be rejected as more superfluous. The Court granted her request and decreed a divorce.—*Exeter News Letter.*

KEEPING A SECRET. The following from 'Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of Woman,' lately published in Baltimore, is evidently the production of one who (we wish not to perpetrate a libel on the sex) has obviously been a close observer of the female character:

'Some women appear to be incapable of keeping a secret. It seems to burn upon their lips till they have uttered it. Let a woman of this description come in possession of a secret, affecting the peace of whole families, and which every tie of humanity would persuade her to bury in utter oblivion, and what does she do? Stay at home and forget it by pursuing her accustomed avocations? Ah! no; wet or dry, cold or hot, out she must go at the earliest hour that it is decent to visit. She calls on her most intimate friend, without perhaps any definite intention of unbending her mind. But when she arrives, she can think of nothing else. One topic after another is started, but all immediately flag. A strange air of mystery and constraint comes over her, which hings the conversation entirely to a stand. 'What is the matter? Has any thing happened?' Do tell me what has happened? It is all over. Out it must come, if it costs her her life. But then she quiets her conscience by exacting a promise of inviolable secrecy. That promise of secrecy however means that she will tell it only to those of her immediate acquaintance, whom she can trust; so in about two days it is all over town. It is a profound secret until it is found that every body knows it. Thus it is in the power of some two or three women, who are so disposed, to keep any community in a perpetual strife. I have myself known a whole town to be thrown into the most violent excitement, and a division created which separated families, alienated friends, and entirely broke up all social harmony for years, by one base insinuation of not more than ten words.'